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## THE WEST OF SCOTLAND FORTY YEARS AGO.

TIMES have changed, all allow, but whether for the better or the worse is a disputed point between the old and the young, whilk will ever remain undecided; for the young naturally desire and admire novelty, and those whose young feelings have long since died away, as naturally regret the time when they felt as we only can feel once in our lives, 'when all things please, for life itself is new.' We are apt to forget that, even were the same time to come over again, we could not feel as we did then; because, however altered the world may be, and is, the great change is in ourselves. Can the most scientific, nay, the most beautiful and pathetic *new* music, ever awaken in us the sensations we experience on bearing again the 'Baa Croon'—'Can ye sew cushions?' or other simple old tunes, with which 'the mother that looked on our childhood' lulled us to sleep? Or does the most spirited *allégo* make our hearts dance and our eyes brighten like the blithe lilt we heard carolled in the hayfield, when the bairns'-maid guided our infant steps there, to see the corncrakes' and partridges' nests which the mowers had come upon, and to look for the little field-mice, 'wee cowerin', timorous beasties,' that ran so fast? No, no! the very sun had a blink then it has never had since, to our eyes at least: summer was a lifetime, and a day like a modern week, so many fresh ideas and sensations impressed themselves upon the white paper of our minds.

How does the very scent of some wild flowers recall our infancy and early rural walks! And even the sight of the daffodil, polyanthus, grape hyacinth, double primrose, and 'all the flowers that children pull' unchecked, because too numerous and common to be cared for by florists and gardeners, take us back into a long vista of years. 'Old familiar faces,' old familiar voices, rise up before us with the distinctness of yesterday; and we have to recall to remembrance the changes death and time have made, before we can persuade ourselves that all is gone for ever, and that 'no more, no more—ah, never more on me the freshness of the heart can fall like dew!' To us the alterations for the better that our reason tells us to applaud are to our feelings no improvement; and even when we sink, tired and indolent, into the comfortable cushions of a feteuil-Voltaire, in a splendidly-furnished room, of which also we acknowledge the increased comfort, our affections revert to the scanty curtains and straight-backed chairs that stood in the same room long, long ago, when our hearts were gladdened by the kind faces of our lost parents, and the light laughter of brothers and sisters, now dead and dispersed, or forming part of other families, where their affections centre far away from us. What would we give to have it all back again, with the healthy frame,

the hoping heart, of bygone days! London was then further off than Rome is now, and India was another world: letters and papers travelled slowly, and we had time to digest one piece of news before another arrived. Languages were then laborious studies; a man who had made the grand tour was a lion; and a miss or madam who had written a paper in a magazine a learned lady, privileged to ramble about with inky fingers and untidy hair. No reasonable being ever expected to find a decently-dressed dinner at her house, any more than to hear her talk of common things with common sense. She set herself up, in short, for a blue-stocking, in whom dirt and disorder were supposed to be excusable. In this instance the most bigoted old persons of my acquaintance allow that the *blues* of the present day are an improvement upon those of their own.

Forty years ago I was five years old. My father's regiment was ordered to India, whither my mother decided upon accompanying him; and I was left at my uncle's house, to be educated with his own daughters in the meanwhile, and sent out at sixteen to my parents. My childish despair at the parting it is needless to enlarge upon; but my tears were soon dried by the kindness of my relatives, who taught me, ere six months were at an end, to consider myself in all things one of themselves. Glenbrechan was a fine old place, with fine old trees. The castle itself was in ruins, haunted by ghosts and rats at night, and by the lovers of wallflower—which grew in every crevice—during the day. The modern dwelling was large, very plainly and not very amply furnished; the table as abundant as it was homely; the servants, regular and irregular, as numerous as they were inefficient. There were but six real servants, over whom was an old woman called 'the mistress,' who never did a hand's turn herself, but saw to everything—cooking and cleaning, mending, making, &c.; but then there were innumerable helpers and hangers-on—lassies that ca'd the kirk and the kye, laddies that carried coals or curried horses, auld wives that shelled peas and washed potatoes, and old men that did nothing but sit in sunny places, giving their sage opinions on theology and politics. These primitive beings looked up to the laird and ledly as something superior, and ranked them, it would seem, far above any English nobility; for when the Duke of Launceston rented a shooting-box in the neighbourhood, they invariably called him *Launceston*. 'You must say the Duke of Launceston,' observed Miss Birch: 'it is not respectful—it is taking a liberty to call him *Launceston*.' 'Leeberty!' answered old Dawnie Macalister; 'do I no say Glenbrechan?'

The family was large and cheerful, hospitable and kind to a degree. I shall never forget my first introduction, nor how the uproarious gaiety terrified me; but very soon I became in thoughts, habits, and expression like those I lived with; and the eleven years I

spent at Glenbrechan are still among the happiest of my life. My cousins Ninian, Charlie, and John, tall, stout, handsome lads, filled the house with noisy companions, who came when it suited them, and ever found a warm welcome, and a large room at the top of the house, containing seven beds, and called 'The Barracks,' always ready. These young men brought servants and dogs, horses and high spirits, with them; and I never but twice remember the barrack-room totally untenanted. Many ladies also came to stay besides the regular county families, who were visited and entertained at stated periods; but young ladies, old maids, or married women, I seldom remember above one or two who brought with them these nuisances—ladies'-maids, as every one of far inferior rank and fortune does know.

My female cousins were of all ages, well-grown, handsome, though coarsish girls, with large extremities, high complexions, and high noses. There were seven of them, and the youngest was three years my senior. The governess, a staid, starched person, taught us all she knew, which was very little after all: being what would in the present day be called the *rudiments* of French and music, and a certain quantity of grammar and geography, which, with pages of dictionary and dull prosaic poetry, we were daily forced to commit to memory—called and considered *tasks* by the teacher and the taught. Upon Sundays this routine was diversified by the learning of long hymns and interminable *questions*, and every one read aloud for nearly an hour some 'good book,' which was generally at the same time very dry. Margaret, Christy, Beatrice, and Belle, had finished their education, to which they added painting shells, gay and grassy, reposing in nests of sea-weed, and bunches of roses and sweet peas, surrounded by the tendrils of the blue convolvulus; but as this was not an accomplishment of Miss Birch's, we had a little meek man from a village two miles distant, who taught us to draw in pencil from models, and laid the foundation of what some of us have since excelled in, when perfected by the instructions of more talented teachers. 'The Battle of Prague' and 'Lodoiska' were the most difficult pieces to which any one ever aspired, and when we had mastered them, we were pronounced finished musicians. Those of the girls who had done with the school-room, took out their work-baskets regularly every morning, and made frilled shirts or other articles of dress, or perhaps embroidered handkerchiefs (seldom writing, and never reading), till at half-past one our dinner and their luncheon-bell rung. An immense tureen of barley broth, or hotch-potch, or an equally huge plate of potatoes, were standard dishes, flanked at the four corners by jugs containing both sweet and butter-milk; but besides these were other things according to the season. In summer, strawberries in profusion, of which each person ate more than one large soup-plate full, and covered plentifully with thick cream, ladled out of an immense china-bowl in the centre by Maggy, whose arms were the longest. This meal despatched, the elders drove in the capacious family-coach, and the young ladies walked or rode; for there were three saddle-horses, and ponies in plenty for the catching, little, spirited, ungroomed beasts, with fiery eyes gleaming through long, shaggy manes that fell half over their faces—until the firing of guns, the yelping of dogs, and shouting of hoarse voices, announced the return of the gentlemen from shooting, and the near approach of the five-o'clock dinner.

This meal outdied in profusion all the others: meat, poultry, and game were there in every variety; soups, strong and tasty; black-puddings, white-puddings, meal-puddings, liver-puddings, and a haggis, whenever a sheep was killed, when its singed head was made into broth, and served up with the trotters as a dish; apple-pies appeared, of which it was the custom to invite the guests to partake merely of the

'aiples.' Cream was eaten with everything, as well as apple-pies and strawberries, boiled rice, 'calves'-feet jelly,' English puddings even, when they had them, which was very rarely indeed—(mince-pie meat put into skins was called 'sweet-puddings')—and the quantity consumed was an answer to the usual question of English visitors—'What can a private family want with so many cows?' Two large china jugs stood at each end of the table, containing a pleasant sort of beer they called 'twopenny,' out of which every one drunk; but each had a wine-glass to himself in my day, although a few years previous four were supposed enough for a large company, placed on the middle of the table, with green muffings on the feet. Claret was then drunk out of the cask, and the port and sherry were both famed. After all this feasting, my readers may suppose tea was but a ceremony: no such thing. At half-past seven it was brought in, shortbread, currant-bun, and seedcake handed about, and there was usually a plateful of caraway-comfits, into which you dipped your thickly-spread bread and butter, and few left these good things pass them. Cards, music, and dancing concluded the evening at ten o'clock, when a capital hot supper was served—roast fowls, calf-head hash, and dishes as substantial, smoked upon the hospitable board—of which the whole company partook, with hearty appetites, washing them down with a liberal supply of wine and cold punch.

In those days dyspepsia and nervous complaints had not come into fashion, and at half-past nine next morning all were ready for breakfast: and such a breakfast!—piles of scones, pyramids of rolls, fairs of crumby oat-cake, and more butter than is now eaten in a week, in pots of all sizes, just out of the churn; honeycomb at one end, cut with no sparing hand; and jams and jellies down the middle, not delicately put in cut-glass dishes, but unblushingly presented in their original pots, which were quite emptied every day; hen and turkey eggs, tea and coffee, were always there: but some ate porridge and milk; some supped sowens; some liked rizzered haddies or kippered salmon; and others contented themselves with the beef-ham that ever stood on the side-board: all jested, laughed, talked, and ate as if they had not seen food for twenty-four hours; and none took offence at the personal remarks and practical jokes which in these unsophisticated days every one indulged in, but which any person presuming on now, would be *chased* from all wellbred society.

'The laird' (always called Glenbrechan) and 'the lady,' as Mrs Hetherfield was commonly termed (though very old-fashioned people spoke of and to her as Lady Glenbrechan), were treated with great respect and deference; but there was no restraint in their presence, and all looked and behaved as if they felt perfectly at home. Upon Sundays, when the carriage could not contain all the party—the numbers it *did* hold outside and in are incredible—and when it was too wet to walk to the old kirk of Drumbrechan, a cart was put in requisition, furnished with sacks stuffed with straw for seats, and driven by Sawnie Machuffie, who lectured us all the way there for 'makin' siccan a din on the Lord's day'; but spite of sacks and Sawnie's sermons, we preferred it to the more aristocratic conveyance. Upon this day we were, on the whole, very demure; and after dinner sat with 'good books' in our hands, until the laird led the way from the dining-room, earlier than common, but not soon enough to prevent the gentlemen from having imbibed more port and punch than was quite proper.

What religion Glenbrechan professed was never accurately ascertained, for although he abused in no measured terms the reformers who had pulled down the old castle, he showed no predilection for the faith of his ancestors in whose time this misfortune happened; quite the contrary indeed. Once he was prevailed upon to enter an Episcopalian chapel, but he pronounced the service 'most redeclus.' To hear Bess Forfar, mut-

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tered he, 'skirlin' to the Lord to presairve her frae sin, as if her face and her fifty years wadna do that!'' To the kirk he seldom or never went; yet notwithstanding these outward and visible signs of indifference, he was upon friendly terms with the excellent minister, and certainly the most benevolent, kind-hearted, hospitable being that ever breathed the breath of life. Every Sunday night regularly he made it a rule to read a sermon to his household; and upon his wiping his spectacles, putting them on, and glaring gravely round at each person, all seated themselves, and after three or four premonitory 'hems,' the worthy squire began, and with more solemnity, it must be confessed, than correctness. Upon one occasion, I remember, the male part of his audience looked more unsteady than usual, and that very evening the sermon in turn was one of Blair's, beginning, 'When I cast my eyes upon the objects that surround me.' A laugh stopped him; and in great wrath he laid down the book, delivering an exordium of his own, perhaps better adapted to the then powers of comprehension displayed by his gentlemen auditors, though especially addressed to the lady laughers. It was in those days a rare event for a man to join the tea-table on steady legs; and any one indeed who did so, rather lost than gained in the opinion of his companions. After the sermon, we sat and tried to talk with a gravity becoming the day, but very soon relapsed into our usual joking, jesting style. There was little intellectual conversation. Occasionally, indeed, Glenbrechan touched upon politics, if an unmeasured abuse of democrats may be so termed; to which word, by the by, he gave what he imagined was the true French pronunciation, calling them 'demmy craws.'

But the 'feast of reason and the flow of soul' was scarcely missed in that true-hearted, happy, hospitable family: people were quite contented with what they found; and the few *habitudes* that live to remember the dear old place and its then inhabitants, turn with a fond regret to these days of auld langsyne, days that will never return again. Steamboats, and railways, and modern accomplishments *ont changé tout cela*. Music was confined either to the pathetic Scotch and Irish airs, or reels and strathspeys for dancing; and the expression given to the first, and the spirit to the last, seem now to be lost; for those who execute other music with taste and brilliancy, fail utterly when attempting our national tunes. Of course it was only at the latter end of my stay that I made one of the society above described: we children stayed in our school-room, and were every day dressed in white frocks, to be ready, when sent for, at the dessert; and taken to the drawing-room by the ladies after we had gone through the dread ceremony of drinking everybody's health round, and the more agreeable one of eating some fruit or sweetmeats. When the tea was brought in, we were sent to bed with a slice of cake, and a kiss from every lady present. Except at luncheon, we never associated with our elders at any other time; for the pernicious Scotch custom of bribing children to eat more porridge than they were inclined for (sipping porridge being considered in the nursery as a moral virtue, entitling the little gormandiser to rich reward), by a promise of a 'shave o' laif wi' marmalade on't,' at the dining-room breakfast, never prevailed at Glenbrechan.

We were, however, so thoroughly happy in our own pursuits, that we never wished for anything different from what it was. Lessons, to be sure, sometimes bored us, and Miss Birch lectured us upon order and neatness, but these were the only shades to our sunshine: we never quarrelled, and were never ill; envy, jealousy, and such petty passions we had never seen in others nor felt in ourselves; and when we were

told that the good would go to Heaven, the only heaven we could imagine was like a certain woody glen where the clear water from the hills dashed down over rocks on the goodly burn beneath, forming a pool, or *linn*,\* as it was called, in which we bathed, dressing and undressing under the trees, where the birds carolled merrily in spring, and the insects hummed drowsily in summer, quiet and sheltered always in all weather; and where, when those who were ready first, sat waiting for the others, singing, 'Oh happy, happy was the time on yon burn-side;' or wandered about pulling bunches of the blue wild geranium, watching the solitary large mountain bee (bumbee we called it, from the booming or humming noise it made) sucking the sweets from the foxglove or heather-bell; or the caller trout, whisking from one stone to another; or we went peering into every bush and brake in search of the birds'-nests, so cleverly concealed by the thick foliage of June. No sickness nor sorrow had we, no fears for the future, no anxiety for the present: all we loved were near us, and we knew so little of death, that we could not separate it in our minds from a sound, calm sleep. This was our idea (at least it was mine) when we reflected upon the subject at all. But truth to say, we rarely spent our time in meditation, either sacred or profane: if we had nothing particular to say, we had always plenty to sing, for all the old ballads were familiar. We had an intense love of music, and could frame a simple second to every tune we loved, with a true accent and taste, such as none who are not Scottish-born and bred can attain, any more than they can the right staccato touch of the Scottish reel, that sends the young blood dancing through the veins.

All rural occupations we took interest in, and knew something about; we could tell the note of every bird, the name of every flower 'that sips the dew,' and an accomplished young lady from London was looked down upon as an ignorant savage because she did not know a lime from a beech, nor a lark from a linnet. Our plays were rural, and we made the most of our summer; danced round the trees, swung in their branches; made bowers here, seats there, 'houses' wherever we could find a gnarled and knotted stem on which to fix our broken bits of plates, nut-shells, and crab-claws. Fire-tops were our cows, and our 'kail-pat' the bottom of a broken wine bottle turned up, in which crumbled cake, wild mint, and spring water formed the broth. When the cows were milked, then was a happy time with us, as, with our 'luggies' in one hand, and a bit of toasted cake in the other, we waited for the 'afterings' of a favourite cow, or whiled away the time in wandering from one cool spring-well to another, tasting the waters, and pretending to fancy we found different flavours in each; or washing radishes and young turnips in them, which we carried off triumphantly under the very eyes of James the gardener himself, whose 'bank' we knew was 'waur nor his bite,' in spite of his threatenings. These humble cakes were to our uninvited palates quite as good as the most recherché hothouse peach or pine-apple. Then the charm of scrambling after wild fruit—blueberries and brambles, nuts and wild raspberries! The gooseberries of the garden were nothing to these dainties, obtained with some difficulty, although we made considerable havoc there too, especially in the jam-making season, when we got a holiday expressly to assist in the 'topping-and-tailing,' and when we ate quite as many as we pulled or prepared. What plagues we must have been to the old henwife! for we must see every goose, turkey, or hen that was sitting, and every fresh pig that was produced; must penetrate into the dark

\* I persist in thinking that linn is the pool, not the fall; and that Burns, when he wrote,

'She missed a fit, an' over the linn,  
Ower head and lugs she plumpit,'

meant to write 'in the linn, over,' &c. All the common people and the old people understand linn to be the pool. 'Fo bathe in the linn' every one says.

\* This anecdote (somewhat refined in the text) was related by a lady of rank and fortune, and of the highest respectability, in the hearing of the author's father.

recesses of the henhouse, and gather the eggs, feed the calves, count the kittens; and when we had exhausted her department, off we were to the stable-men, begging to play with the puppies, or pat the new foal. God bless their honest hearts, these old servants! they loved us dearly, and not the less so for thinking themselves privileged to scold us whenever we were in mischief. Dear old nurse, however, never scolded: in her eyes we could do no wrong. She was a gentle creature, full of the milk of human kindness, and possessing an inexhaustible collection of old tales and stories. Even when stone-blind, she knew our every step, as well as she did our voices; and her husband, old William, was just such another, leaving his work to swing us in the 'shuggy-shoo,' canting us high among the green branches with unwearied arm, and relating a choice anecdote between each performance, invariably beginning, 'I mind ance'—a delicate way, perhaps, of reminding us that 'rest renders labour lighter.'

But it was at length necessary for me to leave these scenes, and hasten to a fashionable boarding-school, where it was supposed a year would polish off the rusticity acquired in Scotland, after which I was to sail for India. What my free spirit and vigorous appetite endured in this polite abode would scarcely, I suppose, interest my readers; suffice it to say, I lost my health and happy spirit; I lost, too, my ignorance of evil, and gained very little in exchange. Right glad was I to go, and when Mrs Vane Trimmer delivered me up to the lady who was to *chaperone* me across 'the deep waters of the dark-blue sea,' she said most truly, 'Miss Heatherfield is a very different person from what she was upon coming to me from Scotland!'

#### LEARNED SOCIETIES IN FRANCE.

THE first volume of a work, to be continued annually, has been published under the authority of the French government, intended to furnish a periodical notice of the various scientific societies throughout the kingdom. The attempt is praiseworthy, as it will in all probability be the means of making generally known a number of useful institutions, which otherwise might never have been heard of beyond their immediate locality, and thus increase the stimulus of good example. The want of such a publication has often been felt in this country. How few persons are aware of the numerous provincial associations, each busy in its own neighbourhood, doing something, more or less, for the advancement of philosophy, science, and literature! The work under consideration contains some instructive particulars, from which a general idea may be gathered as to the state of learned societies on the other side of the channel.

Such societies, it has been remarked, more than other institutions, have passed harmless through political changes and convulsions. Generally speaking, rulers, whether wise or warlike, vicious or stupid, have afforded them a certain degree of countenance and protection: perhaps they may have had a suspicion that it was better to tolerate these assemblages, than that their promoters should betake themselves to the study of politics. From some of these societies, as in the reign of Louis XIV., an annual ode or triumphal poem was sent forth, in which the sovereign came in for more than his share of adulation. Among other notable events, this monarch's reign was marked by a considerable increase of associated bodies; they, however, did little besides discussing literary subjects, until the Revolution came, and gave them a new impulse. By a decree of the Convention, August 8, 1793, all the academies founded by royal letters-patent were suppressed; more, however, with a view to their reconstitution on a diffe-

rent basis, than from a desire for their abolition. At this period some of the Parisian associations were animated by as much zeal for science as their compatriots for liberty; more particularly the Philotechnic Society and the Athenæum of Arts. The members of the latter body sent a deputation with an honorary crown to the illustrious Lavoisier three days prior to his execution. It was at this time also that public courses of lectures were opened under Lamarck, Cuvier, Fourcroy, Monge, Chénier. Science was kept alive in the metropolitan institutions when learning in other parts of the country was terrified into silence.

The societies formed during the Empire were all more or less literary; and were so imperfectly constituted, as to have in most instances but a short existence. The Revolution of July 1830 gave a new impulse to intellectual culture, which, shared by the leisure orders of society, spread rapidly and extensively among the industrious classes. The new feeling was fostered by the minister Guizot, who, in one of his official circulars, wrote, 'the more elementary instruction becomes general and active, the more it is necessary that higher studies, great scientific undertakings, be equally progressive.' All societies were recommended to correspond with the minister of public instruction; and thus the first approaches were made towards active and systematic co-operation.

There are in Paris, at the present time, thirty-six learned societies, recognised and approved by the government; several of them, yielding to the movement of the age, have abandoned literature for positive science, while others have become little better than debating or musical societies. We have already alluded to the Athenæum of Arts. There is now a Royal Athenæum, where lectures are given on almost every subject—magnetism, Fourierism, homoeopathy, cranioscopy in its relation to civil justice, the value of colour in the organic kingdom, folly considered as a discordance of the encephalic functions, being a few of the more remarkable. The lecturers are not paid; and the institution is said to be a sort of training-ground for aspiring savants. There is a Society of Literati—of dramatic authors, the latter numbering nearly five hundred members, all engaged on some branch of dramatic literature. The first Ethnological Society, we believe, was formed in Paris; it started in 1839, and has published two volumes of memoirs, or treatises upon the physical characteristics of mankind, their language, religion, belief, worship, traditions, influence of soil and climate upon different nations. London and New York now each reckon an Ethnological Society among their scientific associations. The Historical Institute, founded in 1833, has published eighteen volumes of memoirs, devoted chiefly to the history of France, its language, and early literature; while the Society of French Bibliophiles charges itself with the publication of inedited works, and reprints of old and rare books, which throw light on the ancient national history. During the thirty years that this latter society has existed, it has done good service by bringing to notice many important writings and documents which otherwise might never have been heard of. The Society of Antiquaries was founded by Napoleon in 1805. In the early years of its existence it was called the Celtic Society, and directed its attention more particularly to the customs and literature of ancient Gaul. In 1814, however, the members determined on taking a wider field of operations, and they now investigate antiquities generally, whether of art, science, literature, or philosophy.

The Geographical Society, which dates from 1821, as far as warranted by the funds at its disposal, undertakes the sending out of expeditions for foreign discovery. To this society we owe Caille's voyage and the discovery of Timbuctoo, as well as other important journeys. An annual prize of 1000 francs is awarded to any European traveller who, within the year, has made the most important geographical discovery: during eighteen years that the society has existed, the prize

has been awarded thirteen times. A second prize of 2000 francs was afterwards instituted by the Duke of Orleans for the geographer or traveller who shall have most benefited agriculture, manufactures, or humanity, by what he has brought with him into France from the countries he has visited. The society has paid away altogether 60,000 francs in prizes, published seven quarto volumes relating to ancient voyages, and forty-three volumes of the *Bulletin*, or what may be called geographical transactions.

Paris has also its Geological Society, devoted to the progress of the science in general, and the study of the soil of France in particular, in its relation to industrial art and agriculture. The society numbers 500 members, native and foreign: no other qualification is required than an introduction by two members, and a payment of thirty francs annually. A bulletin is published for the use of the subscribers, in which it is said a 'Report on the progress of geology during the past ten years' will shortly appear. Next we have the Entomological and Cuvierian Societies; membership in the latter, as we are informed, is constituted by subscription to the 'Zoological Review.' The Philomatic Society was established in 1788, and has reckoned some of the most eminent philosophers as its members—among whom may be mentioned Lacroix, Laplace, Chaptal, Ampère, Fresnel, Cuvier: it is sometimes called the Little Institute. The ablest philosophers of France are still in its ranks; its discussions are remarked by acumen and thoroughness of investigation; nothing is taken for granted, but every fact is rigidly demonstrated. The Society for the Encouragement of National Industry, founded in 1802, has had a most active and direct influence upon material progress: down to 1845 it has distributed 392,850 francs as prizes, all for objects beneficial to the national economy. It comprises a large body of individuals favourable to the cause of free trade, and earnest for the removal of impolitic restrictions. Education is not left unnoticed: there is a Society of Elementary Instruction, which, ever since its foundation in 1821, has laboured to bring instruction within reach of the poorer classes; particularly of children who, set to work at an early age, have no time for study through the day. Schools are opened for them at the hours most convenient for them to attend. The society has not been content to follow a stereotyped routine: it has gone on adding to its experience and improving its methods; training at the same time a band of skilful teachers to be distributed in the provinces; in addition to which, a 'Journal of Popular Education' has been published, abounding in excellent precepts and useful suggestions.

In common with other large capitals, Paris reckons among its institutions several devoted to active philanthropy; among these we may specify the Society of Christian Morals, established in 1821 by the Duke of Laroche-foucauld-Liancourt, its object being the application of the precepts of Christianity to social relations; and, in the words of the statutes, to demonstrate 'that the greater part of the errors and vices which impede the course of truth, justice, and peace among men, originate in ignorance or forgetfulness of Christian principles.' There are 275 members in the society, divided into seven committees; each has special duties to perform: thus we find the committee of charity and beneficence—of orphans—of prisons—of peace—of moral amelioration—of the abolition of the slave trade, and last, for the moral improvement of the liberated. These committees leave national and sectarian differences quite out of sight in the discharge of their duties: their proceedings have been printed in forty volumes: they have correspondents in every part of the world, among others the Society of Universal Morality, recently formed at Constantinople by some benevolent Turks under the patronage of the sultan.

In addition to the societies already enumerated, there are eight connected with surgery and medicine, besides a multitude of others unchartered, and but little

known either to one another or to the public; these include sculptors, architects, painters, musicians, artisans of every degree, and orators. There are about 150 singing societies, composed exclusively of working-men; some of these require the candidate for admission to improvise a few couplets on wine, glory, or French song, as a title to membership. Apart from these useless requirements, it must be confessed that in these musical reunions the working-classes are taking a step in the right direction. It is, however, somewhat remarkable in the present day to see a Heraldic Society, whose occupation is to emblazon the arms of all its members upon long sheets of parchment: it may be perhaps the artistic amusement of a few idle people. Many of these last-mentioned societies are open to women: the ladies, too, have an Institute to themselves. In 1836, a course of lectures was opened at the Ranelagh, by a celebrated lady, on the social rights of women: from this arose the Ladies' Institute, which is now licensed. A rich and clever lady, noted for her literary enthusiasm, is at its head: the programme was most liberal: the female academicians were to be lodged and paid after the example of the Royal Institute; their first work is said to be a new dictionary of the French language. The first ten ladies were nominated in 1845, with power to elect their colleagues to the number of forty. It remains to be seen whether the labours of these female philosophers will have any stimulating effect upon those of the other sex.

Turning from the capital to the provinces, we find that, in 1788, there were in France forty-eight other societies of various pursuits, of which it was said by Voltaire 'they have created a spirit of emulation, have impelled to exertion, accustomed young men to useful studies, dissipated the prejudices and ignorance of certain cities, inspired politeness, and, as much as may be, driven out pedantry.' The eighty-six departments of France at present contain 189 learned societies, besides twelve archaeological commissions, fifty agricultural societies, and 664 rural associations—showing a prodigious increase over the number for 1788. Many of these bodies publish annual reports of their proceedings. In point of literature, the predominance inclines to the southern section of the country; while in the north (the chief seat of manufactures) the subjects considered most worthy of attention are history, agriculture, and the application of science to industry. The most solid and active societies are said to be found in Toulouse, Strasburg, Caen, and Lyons; the difference, however, between these and other provincial towns is comparatively small. The associations, generally, still feel the impulse described by Lamartine in his address to his colleagues of the Macon Academy: 'You have felt, gentlemen, that knowledge is yours only on the condition that you diffuse it, and that to raise the low is to elevate the high. Around you all is progressing. Will you stand alone? will you suffer yourselves to be overtaken? No, gentlemen, men of leisure, or rather ourselves workmen, but workmen of thought and science, it is for us to be the first to participate in the movement. In a state of civilisation, where intelligence gives power, rank is maintained only by the maintenance of moral superiority; when the intellectual order is deranged, disorder is not far off.' As may be supposed, the publications of the various societies exhibit different degrees of science and utility; we may instance one specimen—a long treatise in the Memoirs of the Scientific Society of l'Aube, 'On the Influence of Coffee and Wine upon the Poetry and Literature of France'—in which the author decides that, while coffee may do very well for philosophers and mathematicians, wine is the only drink for poets. This, however, is an exception to the general rule, which is towards improvement. In some of the manufacturing towns, the societies have established courses of lectures explanatory of the relation of science to the arts, as a means of instructing large bodies of workmen; prizes have also been instituted, to be awarded by the operatives them-

selves. At Mulhouse, one of the seats of the cotton manufacture, an industrial museum has been founded; a technological library of 3000 volumes; two gratuitous schools, one for mechanics and linear drawing, the other for painting, attended by more than two hundred pupils: sixty prizes were distributed in 1842. The same example has been followed by the societies at Metz, Cambrai, Nantes, and other places. The subjects chosen for their essays are usually those most affecting the wellbeing of the industrious portion of the population.

We have only space for a concluding word on the agricultural societies, which are said to comprise more than a million members. When it is remembered that in France the number of those engaged in the cultivation of the soil amounts to twenty-five millions, we shall become aware of the necessity that must exist for combined and energetic action among these societies. Model farms have been established, inducements are offered to the inventors of agricultural implements, which, with the large meetings frequently held for discussion, will probably lead to a knowledge of that great desideratum—the real capabilities of the soil.

#### MY OPPOSITE NEIGHBOURS.

I AM at home now: I call it home because I have lived in these, my lodgings, for some years. My street has grown beneath my eyes; passing from its infancy of three new-built houses and a brick-field, through a comical, one-sided, half-paved youth, to the dignified maturity of a respectable suburban thoroughfare. The time when my sketch begins was between the first and second era—when there rose up before my gaze, instead of the brick-field, one solitary house—and its inhabitants became, *par excellence*, my 'opposite neighbours.'

It really was quite an event in my life when they came into possession, and I had positively something to look at and somebody to watch. Now, reader, misjudge me not; I am no prying old maid—though of necessity I sit at my window the greater part of the day: the secret is, I am a wood-engraver. Oh the weariness of labouring from breakfast-time till dusk, hearing no voices but the scoop—scoop—scoop of the tool against the wood, save when listening with nervous eagerness to the boom of the near church-clock, that marks the passing of another hour, every moment of which is worth so much precious coin! Oh the relief of lifting one's head for a brief space to drink in light and air, and to gain a few passing interests of life without that may drive away the throng of memories which such a dull, mechanical occupation can't fail to bring! Surely 'my opposite neighbours,' if ever so retiring, would not have grudged me this innocent recreation.

They were very retiring indeed. They came into their new abode at dusk, and for several days I saw no specimens of living humanity except the small servant, a tidy, little, rosy-cheeked country-girl, who enlivened her dreary existence each morning by cleaning the steps, which, during the succeeding day, were never defiled by any footmarks save her own. Moreover, if there were no visible inhabitants, it also seemed as if there was no visible furniture, for the drawing-room shutters were kept closed, and the parlour blinds half-drawn down.

However, ere the week ended, I saw, placed within the wire-blind, one of those framed advertisements which are used by 'genteel' professions. It bore the inscription, 'Miss WATERS, Milliner.' I saw, too, the hand that was placing it there—one evidently belonging to a young woman—round, pretty, and rosy. And on the very next day, Sunday, I beheld its owner.

At church-time two persons walked out of the house, one a girl, apparently just gliding out of her teens into maturer womanhood; the other a tall thin stripling of a boy. They were very like one another—brother and sister apparently—and both wore that fresh simplicity which we designate 'a country look.' Moreover, as the boy took his elder sister's prayer-book, and gave her his arm to lean on, it was with an air of independent dignity, as much as to say, 'I'm quite a man at last.'

For months I never saw anybody in the house but these two. I supposed they lived there all alone, a desolate, perhaps orphaned pair. Oh the number of those who are early doomed to merge youth's pleasures in age's lurking cares—to spend their life's tender spring in self-dependent but bitter toil, and so grow old long ere winter comes!

I pictured to myself a cold, half-furnished house, and the brother and sister—forced misers!—sitting with pale, early-wrinkled brows, counting up their little store. Little it must be, for there came no customers to 'Miss Waters, Milliner.' And as for the boy, I saw him pass in and out daily, not with the quick, active, self-important step of one who 'must be at his office at nine,' but with the dull lounge of one who has no occupation, no aim in life. He grew taller and thinner every day, his long limbs shaming the boy's jacket—a shabby one too—which he still wore. At last, from taking his walks in the broad noon, he never went out until dusk. Poor lad! I well guessed why. Moreover, his sister now went to church alone. I marvelled not that it was with a drooping head, and a veil scarcely ever raised—but still she went.

'God help her!' I said to myself. 'One-half the fellow-worshippers will never know, and never heed, how solemnly to her sounds the prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread."'

One morning I was surprised to notice on the window a second framed inscription—'MR ALFRED WATERS, Artist.' And then I penetrated into a little mystery which had puzzled me for weeks—namely, that the shutter of the second-floor window was almost always kept half-closed. At once I pictured to myself the poor young artist's studio—the self-made easel, the common colour-box, and all the adjuncts of that wretched struggle of genius against poverty.

'Simpleton that I am!' I sometimes said to myself, 'how do I know that the lad's a genius! May he not be one of those lazy drones who take to art because daubing canvas, and lounging about, sketch-book in hand, seems easier than learning a trade!'

But I looked in the boy's face as he sat one evening at his attic window, gazing out on the sunset, and I knew that he was a genius. And if so, what miserable heart-burnings he must have felt—what shame in being obliged to make money out of the crude productions which in years to come he would wish consigned to oblivion—what self-degradation in writing up after his name the word 'artist,' just as he might have written 'bricklayer!' Poor fellow! I had almost rather have read in his face the assurance of conceited puppyism than of delicate, sensitive genius.

My young friends—for so I called them in my heart—had interested me for at least six months. One day, a little before Christmas-time, I sat speculating rather drearily on my own Christmas and on theirs—how lonely both would be spent, and what a pity it was that I had not riches at command to send them in anonymously a capital Christmas dinner, and invite myself to dine with them!

As I looked, there seemed to be a slight confusion in the house; and through the opened folding-doors I distinguished the pretty, slight figure of Lucy Waters fitting to and fro, clearly visible between the windows. She moved cheerily, as one does in pleasant expectation, now stirring the fire, now arranging the table, and anon pressing her cheek close to the frosty pane, and looking anxiously down the street. She was evidently waiting for some person or persons unknown. I thought to myself pensively, how happy it was to have some one to wait for, anxiously, expectantly—to arrange all little things—to watch and keep the fire bright and blazing—to wheel the easy-chair, and have the pet footstool ready—to listen eager, yet trembling, for the striking of the appointed hour—and then to sit down and try to 'play patience'—perhaps indifference, talk of common things, and look quite calm and careless—as though the heart within were not leaping wildly at every sound. Ah, fool!—fool! to call up such visions when thou sittest silent, looking down

the murky street, along which no foot will come; or gazing with dull, vacant stare upon the winter fire, that will shine upon no face save that pale, tear-blinded one—thine own! But patience, patience; if hope may come no more to thy lonely hearth, there sits there ever—one whom no chance or change can now take from thee—the solemn, meek-browed angel Memory!

I could gaze no longer on my opposite neighbour. So, remembering that I had a block to take home, I put on my bonnet and walked out. As I opened the street-door, a trunk-laden railway cab drove up, and there was an inquiry for the name of 'Waters.' Just then a stream of light darted on the wet pavement, from an opened door on the opposite side, and the long thin boy came bounding across the narrow street.

'Father—mother—here's the house. Lucy, hold the light: they're come at last!'

So my young people were not orphans. It took away from the romance, but it added to the joy. Ah, they at least would keep a happy Christmas-day!

I knew they did. I saw them all go to church together, the boy supporting his mother, and Lucy leaning on her bluff old father's arm. Then, judging from their appearance, I added to my romance that of a ruined country farmer, whose duteous children had tried to make for their broken-down parents a London home. Well, poor as it was, there was great joy within its walls this day. The little family had a visitor, too, a tall young man, who, in mien and bearing, was superior to any of them, except Lucy. At dusk, when, thanks to the firelight and the undrawn blind, I had a complete Dutch picture of the whole circle, I noticed how the guest sat between old Mrs Waters and her daughter. And once, when a clear bright gleam flashed on her face, I saw Lucy regarding him with a look of such intense pride—such deep tenderness! 'Ah,' thought I, 'it is the old tale once more.'

After that time I did not wonder to see the stranger knocking certainly thrice a week at the Waters' door. Smiling, I sometimes repeated Hood's rhyme—

'There is a young man very fond  
Of calling o'er the way.'

He always came at the same hour, and I generally guessed the time by seeing Lucy sit, working at the parlour-window, her eyes glancing every five minutes down the street. And when the door was opened to him, it was ten to one that the janitor was no other than Lucy's own smiling self.

Thus matters went on for several months. There was apparently a decided improvement in their circumstances, though whether through the increase of Miss Waters's business I could not tell. But I rather thought not, especially as there appeared in addition to the millinery advertisement one which informed the public in general that within there was 'wax flower-making taught on moderate terms.' Also, shortly after, I noticed a 'Times' advertisement, stating that 'A respectable person would be glad to have intrusted to his charge bookkeeping, the collecting of accounts, &c.:' also that there were 'unfurnished apartments to be let in a quiet family.' The address no other than that of my friends the Waterses.

Truly, if ever there was a hard-working, struggling family, it was my opposite neighbours.

They were to me a positive blessing. It did me good to have such sweet heart-warming interests—although all secret. And little harm my watching did them. The old mother, coming in blithely from her small marketings, knew not of a hidden eye that, gazing, wished that ten-fold plenty might come to her basket and her store: the boy-artist was none the worse for the sympathies that penetrated his half-closed shutters—understanding well the life he led within: and when Lucy and her lover—as of course he was—walked out together in the gloaming, were they less happy because of the silent blessing that followed their footsteps from the heart which felt the more what such wealth of love must be, because itself through life had been so poor!

One evening they took a shorter walk than usual, and when they re-entered the house, I saw Lucy's hand-

kerchief to her eyes. It made me quite unhappy: I thought of it constantly, as I sat at my engraving till late at night. When I went up stairs at last, I looked mechanically over the way: there was still a lamp burning in the Waterses little parlour. Then I saw the door open, and Lucy, holding a light, stood in the passage. Beside her was their usual guest—her supposed lover. They stood talking for many minutes, he clasping her hand all the time. At last he moved to depart; she put down the light, and throwing her arms round his neck, hung there in such utter abandonment of woe, that I felt the parting was not for a day, a week, but one of those farewells that wring the very heart-strings of youth.

He went away—the door closed—and there was darkness. What darkness must then have fallen on that poor girl's soul! I knew—none better than I!

After that night I never saw the lover again—Lucy took her evening walks alone. For a time I fancied that her step was slow, and her head bent; but these tokens of grief changed. Youth can bear so much, and for so long. In spite of her trouble, Lucy Waters looked well and pretty, and I was glad to see her so. Moreover, the family fortunes seemed still improving, for ere summer ended, the drawing-room shutters were at last taken down, furniture came, and, I supposed, an inhabitant—for there appeared on the door a goodly brass-plate with 'MR GAMBIE, Surgeon.'

I saw this said individual in due time. He was rather small—and I, like most little women, have an aversion to little men; he wore green spectacles, which I hate; he was slightly bald; and might have been any age from thirty to fifty. I did not take any interest in him at all. I only noticed that he seemed on good terms with the Waterses, and went to church with them every Sunday.

'Pray can you tell me anything about your opposite neighbours?' said to me one of those few benignant friends who take compassion on my loneliness, and now and then enliven my engraving by chatting to me the while.

I did not like to reveal what was only a romance founded on guess-work, so I answered, 'Why do you ask?'

'Because I saw they taught wax-flower-making, and I wanted my Harriet to learn—just for amusement. So I went in there to-day, and saw the nicest family. Such a mild-looking old woman is the mother—and the daughter, Miss Lucy Waters, so very pretty and lady-like! I was quite charmed. Positively Harriet shall learn of her.'

And Harriet did: and consequently Harriet—the most blithe, good-natured lassie that ever sported through her teens—was continually putting her merry face in at my parlour-door, with various legends of my opposite neighbours; legends, too, always of the most favourable kind. Never was there such a charming old lady as Mrs Waters, such a clever youth as Mr Alfred, and such a complete angel in every way as Miss Lucy!

One day my friend Harriet sprang into my room with such a burst of joyance that I was quite overpowered.

'Oh, Letty!'—(Reader, do you know the sort of people whom everybody calls by their Christian names—all except the very wee folk, towards whom they bear a universal aunt-hood! Well, such am I!)—'Oh, Letty, I've found it out now. I thought I should. I know why they've all been smiling, and whispering, and dressmaking, and putting off my lessons now and then; and '—

'Well, my lassie—why?'

'Because she's going to be married: sweet, darling Lucy Waters is going to be married. They're all so glad; and so am I, even though I wish it had been somebody younger and handsomer than that quiet Mr Gambier.'

'Mr Gambier!' My block fell to the floor. 'Impossible, child! Don't tell me so—don't let me think that pretty, quiet creature, such a '—

I stopped. I would not for worlds have revealed what I knew. I pressed down the indignation, the scorn, which rose up in my bosom. I listened to Harriet's story of the merry wedding to be next week, the bride's good-luck, the bridegroom's excellent property.

'Ay, there it is!' I said to myself when my young favourite was gone. 'One more added to the list of weak-minded, unstable women: faithless, heartless; changing their lovers as easily as their gloves; ready to marry anybody, so that they are married at last. Oh, Lucy, Lucy! to think that you should be one of these!'

When, next day, I saw her walk down the street leaning on Mr Gambier's arm, looking so quietly happy, as a betrothed bride should, I positively hated the girl. I would have gone from home on the wedding-day, so as not to see the atrocious sacrifice of broken faith; but that foolish, bewitching Miss Harriet came with her coaxing ways, to beg she might see the wedding from my windows. I never can refuse that lassie anything, so I stayed. But I would not go near the window.

'Tell me all you see, Harriet dear.' And so she did, and a great deal more too; for her little tongue ran on unceasingly about the 'people over the way,' especially Mr Gambier.

'Don't, child—I hate to hear about him,' said I snappishly. 'The disagreeable, ugly old man!'

'Old man! Why, he is only just past thirty. Lucy told me so; and she loves him so much, and says he is the best man in all the world.'

'The wretch!' I muttered, thinking of that night—the wild embrace—the mournful parting. How dared she stand where they two stood—cross the same threshold which he crossed—he to his eternal exile, she to her marriage altar!

'Harriet, my dear child!'—And I went up, intending to read my young friend a homily against faithlessness, when I saw, standing by the Waterses parlour-window, a young man—he with whom Lucy had so often walked.

'Tell me, Harriet, do you know who is that man?' I cried.

'Who! He with the curly brown hair—so handsome! Why, 'tis Lucy's brother—her elder brother, and her favourite. He is a tutor in a gentleman's family. He helped to maintain them all, and used to come and see them very often, till he went abroad travelling. Lucy almost broke her heart at parting with him, she loved him so much.'

'Bless Lucy—God bless sweet Lucy!' I muttered, feeling half-ready to cry. What an idiot I had been! And yet the mistake was quite natural. Only I erred in one thing—I should have trusted that innocent, loving face. I should have guessed that it was the sure token of a true woman's heart.

'But yet,' said I, smiling, to Harriet, when I had told her of my blunder, and she had quizzed me heartily, 'I don't quite see why Lucy should marry such a man as Mr Gambier.'

'There you are, Letty, judging by appearances again. Why, that is the most noble part of Lucy Waters's story. She knew him from her childhood, and he was so good and generous! He saved her mother's life too in a long, weary illness; and then, just before he came to lodge with them, he was very near dying himself too—dying of a broken-heart, because he thought Lucy could not care for an old-looking, ugly man. And he would not ask her to marry him from gratitude. And she does not: she marries him from love—real love. Look at her now!'

Lucy came to the door with Mr Gambier—the worthy, noble man! Even with his small stature and his green spectacles he looked a perfect Apollo in my eyes, and so he would in those of his happy wife—evermore!

I have been a year absent from my little home—not from pleasure, but from duty—what duty I may tell some time, not now. I returned hither last week, to live my lonely, peaceful life of old. My first look was to my opposite neighbours.

'Mr Gambier, Surgeon,' still flourished on the hall-door; but there were no other professional inscriptions. Only, my maid told me, the old people came there every day, and must consequently live very near. And accidentally taking up a catalogue of the Water-Colour Exhibition, I saw among the W's, *Alfred Waters*. 'Bravo!' I thought, 'my young genius: here is a good beginning!'

To-night, as I sit writing, somewhere near twelve o'clock, I am quite disturbed by the sound of music and

dancing 'over the way.' The Gambiers are quite right to be merry if they choose; but really—Ah, I remember now! this very morning I saw a cab at the door, and old Mrs Waters being handed therein, together with a bundle of white lace and muslin.

Oh the wretches! They are absolutely giving a christening party!

#### TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

SUNDSVALL—GEFLE—DANNEMORA MINES.

SUNDSVALL, which I had now reached, was an important point in my tour. It is situated half-way up the Gulf of Bothnia, and is a port of considerable importance for the business of ship-building and the exportation of timber. There is no more considerable place to the north, the only towns of any consequence in that direction being Pitea and Tornea, the latter of which is the frontier town of Russia. I might have come from Alten by a direct route of 430 English miles to Tornea, and thence along the gulf by a steamer to Sundsvall, which would have saved me the necessity of doubling that portion of my route between Trondhiem and Alten; but not merely was my having a carriage waiting at Trondhiem unfavourable to this plan, but I shrunk from the roughness, not to speak of danger, attending a journey, the first part of which is performed in a pulk drawn by reindeer along pathless mountains, and the second part in a cockle-shell of a boat down a river full of rapids, where safety is entirely due to the incessant vigilance and singular skill of the boatmen. I afterwards learned that one of the gentlemen whom I had met at Kaafjord in quest of salmon-fishing adopted this line on his way home, and was much delighted with his adventures; but he numbered twenty years less than I, which makes a considerable difference in the qualifications for such a mode of travelling.

Our usual home-staying ideas about a place in a situation like that of Sundsvall are almost sure to do it injustice, in as far as they are apt to associate it with rudeness. Sundsvall I found a very neat, cheerful-looking town of about 2000 inhabitants, many of whom have all the appearances expected in the gentlemen and ladies of the most refined parts of Europe. There is a goodly harbour of shipping; I found at least two book-sellers' shops; the hotel is tolerable; and there is a dignified-looking church on the es, which runs through the town, in a line parallel to the river. Several British merchants are established in Sundsvall, and to two of these I had letters of introduction. The letters, being committed to the landlord of the Kallare, were despatched in different directions to places seven miles distant, and I hoped to see next morning one or other of the gentlemen addressed. Owing to the distance, however, and the brevity of my stay in the place, these letters were unproductive of any advantage to me; but I felt interested in the illustration the affair afforded of the value of such labour in Sweden, as the charge for the two messages proved to be only about 1s. 9d. English.

While in this district, I had opportunities of becoming acquainted with the observations made by employers regarding the dispositions of the labouring-class. It was stated, that while capital was certainly finding profitable fields of operation in this country, particularly in the collection and exportation of timber, it was much less available, in consequence of the difficulty of obtaining efficient labour, than it otherwise might be. The common people, having usually something of their own in the ground whereon they may depend, show little inclination to undertake work for hire. When the harvest has been good, this inclination becomes proportionally less. They are also under strong feelings of jealousy and suspicion towards employers, dreading to be taken advantage of in any engagement they may form; from which cause they often grievously cheat themselves. It is remarkable that we thus find little hold-

ings telling in Sweden in exactly the same way as they are alleged to do in England, where, as we well know, the farmers oppose, for the very same reason, everything like allotments. How far it might be a temporary result, and how far we might trust to common commercial principles to bring the labouring-class in time to better views, I cannot pretend to decide. Neither shall I undertake to pronounce that capitalists would be justifiable in preventing arrangements which could be proved as certain to favour the morality of the labouring-class, merely because they would thereby be rendered less easy to be tempted into hiring labour. I have only deemed it worth while to chronicle the observation, which I was told had been made, leaving it to take its place, and have its due effect, when the great question of the moral and political effects of unmixed hiring labour comes, as come it must, to be discussed in the presence of anxious nations.

We embarked at two o'clock P. M. (August 30) on board the steamer *Nordland*, which we expected to deposit us on the second morning thereafter at Gefle. I was agreeably surprised to have, as a fellow-passenger, Mr Axel Dickson, one of the sons of the eminent merchant, Mr James Dickson of Gottenburg. We had last met in Scotland, whither the young gentleman had been sent that he might study agriculture, and so be able to take charge of some extensive estates which his father has acquired in this part of Sweden. The steamer afforded but narrow sleeping accommodations, and it was rather crowded with passengers; nevertheless we enjoyed the voyage. I everywhere found low shores, composed chiefly of rounded rock, and bristling with pine woods. We made short stoppages at two considerable towns on the coast, Hudiksvall and Soderhamn; but our saunter there presented us only with the agreeable spectacle of a thriving mercantile population.

Gefle (pronounced Yefla), where we landed in due time, is situated on low ground at the head of an estuary. It is a town of 8000 inhabitants, containing some handsome streets, the result of modern prosperity in the timber-exporting trade, while several neat villas, belonging to the principal merchants, shine out through the woods along the neighbouring shores. There is a thriving iron-foundry in a little valley about a mile from Gefle, and, rather oddly, this place, with its rows of houses for the working-people, seemed to us the prettiest spot about the town. Close by is an extensive cemetery of modern date, containing many elegant mausolea, in one of which, belonging to an affluent merchant, we found a picture of the Last Day, very beautifully executed by a native artist. At Gefle, at this time, a cotton-spinning establishment is about to be erected by an English company, under the encouragement which protective duties give to native manufactures.

This part of the coast of the Gulf of Bothnia is noted in geological history, on account of the observations made in its neighbourhood for ascertaining the supposed upward movement of the land. The progressive shallowing of the seas in this district has been observed for more than a century, being attributed by the common people to a retirement or sinking of the water, but by men of science to a rise of the land. Observations to exactly the same purport have been made on the other side of the Swedish peninsula, near Gottenburg; while the southern point of Sweden is, on the contrary, believed to be sinking, because at Malmö old pavements are found under the present streets, and several feet beneath the level of the sea. From time to time marks have been made on rocks in or bordering on the sea, so as to ascertain the ratio of the movement; and two of these are within a short half-day's sail of Gefle. Being anxious to embrace the opportunity of seeing these objects, I obtained such introductions from my young friend Mr Axel Dickson, as resulted in my being favoured with the guidance of a gentleman named Lötman, who was fully acquainted with the localities. It was arranged that we should drive next morning in our carriages to a place at a few miles' distance on the coast,

and thence proceed to the marked rock at Löggrund by a sailing-boat.

At an early hour the carriages were ready to start, each with its pair of horses, when Mr Lötman came to tell us that he had secured a much superior means of conveyance in a small pleasure steamer, for which only a trifling fee would have to be paid. We accordingly remanded the four horses. It seems not unworthy of remark that the proprietor of the animals, who had had the trouble of bringing and yoking them, asked only a rix-dollar (1s. 14d.) as compensation. Under an unreflecting instinct I gave him two, which of course made his *Tak för betalla* (thanks for payment) unusually impressive, but must have tended to spoil him for other travellers.

At nine we started by the steamer, and at twelve had reached Löggrund, a small low wooded island, where a mark had been made so long ago as 1731. In trying to get to shore, I sustained the only accident of my whole expedition in a partial plunge, from which my faithful Quist quickly extricated me. Entering a fisherman's cottage, in order to put on some dry clothes, I was agreeably surprised at the cleanliness, comfort, and tokens of good living which appeared in it, as well as by the superior manners of the people. In our country, a fisherman is a man left utterly behind in the march of civilisation, and whose *ménage* is not much superior to that of a North American Indian. In Sweden, he presents the domestic appearances which we usually see in the house of a small farmer. Having procured the services of the fisherman and his boat, we were taken out into a small shallow bay, where a large angular block of stone starts up above the waves. On coming close to the seaward side of this rock, we readily traced upon it, near its top, a deep level score, roughly executed by a chisel, with the date '1731' carved above it. The story is, that a native professor named Rudman, having committed a manslaughter, took refuge for a winter in this lonely island, where he obtained shelter among the fishermen, and was safe for the time from the fangs of justice. Having heard these people talking much of the sinking of the sea, he made this mark, in order that future observers might ascertain if such was the case. Mr (now Sir) Charles Lyell visited the rock in 1834, and found Professor Rudman's mark two feet seven inches above the surface of the water; implying, according to the ideas of the modern geologist, that the land had risen about thirty inches in a century. We now found the water about six inches below the mark Sir Charles then made at its surface, implying a continued rise of the land at about the same rate. It was not easy to determine this point exactly, for, owing to a wind blowing towards shore, the waves rose and fell on the face of the rock, and were sometimes fully above the lower groove; up to which point, I may remark, in consequence of this dash of the water, there were minute whelks adhering. Nevertheless, having brought the boat alongside the rock, and thus made the water as calm as possible, it was admitted by all present that the surface was fully six inches below Sir Charles Lyell's mark. It may be remarked that the Gulf of Bothnia, while unaffected by tides, is liable to be raised and lowered to some small extent by the direction of the winds. On the present occasion, however, the boatman assured us that the water was at about its ordinary level for the season—this season being the same almost to a day as that in which Sir Charles's observation was made. The boatman also assured us that he remembered, forty years ago, when the water stood considerably above the situation of the lower groove. The only circumstance which gave the least reason for doubt was, that the rock, being a loose block near shore, might be supposed liable, during winter, to be beset with ice, and in that state carried by the waves a little nearer to land, in which case the mark would seem to rise progressively above the waves, while in reality no shift of the relative level of sea and land took place. Here we have a source of fallacy which I am surprised was not formerly remarked; but it must

at the same time be owned that, from other and more assured observations, there is exceedingly small likelihood that any fallacy has actually taken place in the present instance.

I was led to expect that we should see another mark at Edeko Sund, a few miles off; but a disappointment in obtaining a pilot prevented our reaching it. Mr Lötmann, who saw it ten years ago, says it is upon a rock called St Olaf's Stone, which rises in a sound about a cable length from either shore, and to a height of thirty or forty feet, and is therefore, he has no doubt, a fixed rock. The mark made here in 1820 was found by Mr Lyell, fourteen years after, only 1.66 foot above the water, a space so small as to be of no assignable account in the case.

We left Gefle at seven in the morning (September 3), and proceeded in the direction of Elfkarlby, designing to visit the celebrated Dannemora Mines. Elfkarlby is remarkable on account of certain falls which the river Dälne there makes, just before it reaches the sea. We found that the river is divided by two little islands, and that it pours down the intermediate channels rather in the manner of a rapid than of a cascade. The effect of the vast mass of turbulent water is nevertheless very fine. Our journey to-day was over low but undulating ground, composed of alternate rock and plain, and generally covered with wood. Almost for the first time for a month the weather had become genial; and so the insect world of the woods was in great activity. I was particularly struck by the abundance of dragon-flies of various species. It seemed to me as if I had never in my whole life seen one-tenth of the number of the *Libellula* which met my eyes during this one day. The rock surfaces are invariably rounded; where weathering has not taken place, the scratches are generally in a north and south direction, or from north north-west to south south-east. Many of the more prominent masses have abrupt *lee sides*, where the glacial agency has evidently not operated. These are oftenest to the south, sometimes to the east, sometimes to the west, but never north.

At Lövsta we passed the iron-works and magnificent mansion of Count de Geer (pronounced Yeer), who is said to be one of the richest men in Sweden. The iron-mines of Sweden, it may be remarked, are one of its principal sources of wealth. The article is said to be nowhere else of superior quality. We were told that the Geer family originated in a humble Dutchman of a past age, who, coming into Sweden, applied himself successfully to this department of the national industry. It is thought that his descendant usually realises fifty thousand a year. His house was the first country-mansion of the least pretensions to grandeur which I had seen in Scandinavia. In the evening we came to Östrebys, and obtained accommodation in a private dwelling set aside for strangers visiting the mines, which are only one and a-half mile distant.

Rising before six next morning, we had a pleasant walk across a series of low meadows very much like those of England, and bearing exceedingly rich clover. On arriving at our destination, we found ourselves too early, the works not being in operation till seven. The interval we employed in examining the general arrangements. In a rocky ridge, rising little above the flat of the aforesaid meadows, there are three profound pits, two of them perhaps 100 feet in diameter, and one of them 300 by 100. One is upwards of 700 feet deep; another about 400. The downward view into these abysses is lost in smoky shades. The sides are varied by projections and transverse arched masses, on which heavy weeds are seen growing. Openings in the sides lead into galleries, which laterally penetrate the ground. Men go down to the ledges by ladders, and agonize the beholder by seeming to work on little slopes and prominences destitute of all proper footing. Others descend to the bottom by cranes projecting from the edge of the pit.

A little while after our arrival the men began to

assemble in their coarse homely dresses; but before going to work, they met in groups in small outhouses where their tools are kept, and here we witnessed an interesting ceremony. One of the number gave out a hymn, which the party thereafter sang. Then the same man uttered a prayer, and afterwards some sacred poetry, to which all listened reverentially. While we stood outside, listening to these devotions, several of the men came up, took off their caps, and joined in the service. It was most affecting to see these simple people, who daily expose themselves to a dangerous trade for their livelihood, thus put themselves into the hands of their Creator, resigned to every contingency which might arise in the course of His providence. When their devotions were concluded, all proceeded to their work; and it was curious to observe them spreading themselves over the sides of the pit, and commencing their various duties of digging and blasting.

Finding that strangers are taken down into one of the pits for a small fee, which goes towards a charitable fund for the benefit of old and disabled workmen, we put ourselves into a bucket suspended from one of the cranes, and commenced a slow descent. The steep black walls, the mouths of the lateral galleries, the men seemingly clinging to the ledges where they were working, and the look up to the blue sky above, made it a strange and exciting situation. After five minutes of constant descent we reached the bottom, which we found composed of rough and irregular rock, partially covered with a deep bed of snow, partly with men preparing blastings, and under so cold a temperature, that we were vain to move about as actively as possible, in order to keep ourselves in some degree of comfort. Such are the iron-mines of Dannemora. The men, we afterwards found, have wages which an English workman would regard as miserably low. Whether, as one often sees in Sweden, their efficiency as workmen is in proportion, I cannot tell. One of them, seeing a gentleman of our party munching a piece of common white-flour biscuit, expressed curiosity about it; and Quist then desired the gentleman to show the people what he was eating. My young fellow-traveller immediately distributed a few pieces, which the men regarded with as much wonder as an English labourer would feel respecting pillau or edible birds'-nests. An old man, after turning his piece over and over, and chewing a little bit, put the remainder carefully into his tobacco-pouch, in order to take it home and show it to his wife. The simplicity of all this was a little amusing; but, what was better, it went to the heart.

After breakfasting at our lodging—where, by the by, we had a *chedar* or capercaillie as one dish—I parted with my young fellow-travellers, who proposed going directly to Stockholm, while it was my design to diverge to Öregrund before taking that course. My solitary journey led me over a low country generally covered with wood, but often presenting flat or rounded rocky surfaces, the strata on which were north and south by compass. Coming near the sea at Öregrund, I found some flats of polished rock of extraordinary extent—certainly, in some instances, upwards of an acre. The road passes over these surfaces without greatly injuring their smoothness. Reaching the little seaport of Öregrund about five o'clock on a beautiful calm evening, I immediately obtained a boat, with two men, and, attended by Quist, sailed out to an island called Gräsö (Grass Island), where the level of the sea was marked in 1820. The place is about three English miles from the harbour, on the face of a vertical rock which goes sheer down 22 feet beneath the waves, therefore exceedingly well qualified for the purpose. The sea was this evening (September 4) perfectly still, so that there was not more than an inch of wet rock above the usual level observably maintained by it. The men said that they considered the sea as at present about a medium height for the season. In the more rainy times of the year it will be four or five inches higher: during the prevalence of north-west winds it will be upwards of two feet

higher. The surface this evening was *eleven inches* below the line cut by Mr Flumen, September 13, 1820—for such was the date inscribed above the score. If, then, the sea was in the same conditions on the two occasions, my observation indicates a shift of the relative level of sea and land in this place to the extent of eleven inches in twenty-nine years, being a rate surprisingly near to that denoted by the Löggrund rock.

The charges for everything in this district are remarkably moderate. My two boatmen charged me only one dollar banco (twenty-pence) for their afternoon's work—six miles of rowing. At the clean, neatly-furnished house where I lodged, I had a good meal with coffee in the evening, my bed, and an excellent meal for breakfast, including two dishes of warm meat, a preparation of eggs, and some preserve (I thought wild cherries); besides which, my servant had a counterpart of all these entertainments. The bill was 3.42 rix-dollars, something less than 4s. 3d. sterling. It is a neat, cheerful-looking town, and the abraded surfaces in and near it, and dipping all along the shore into the waves, would convert even Sir Roderick Murchison into a glacialist.

I had a fine day for the drive across the low country to Upsala. After passing the station of Haberga, the houses diminished in number, though not in size; and the fields increased in extent, and became improved in point of culture. I was told of a show of stock and agricultural implements expected to take place on the ensuing day, when it was likely that fully 2000 people would attend. Here, I accordingly inferred, agricultural improvement is in progress. It is, however, of native growth, for there are no English or Scotch in the district. I was shown, indeed, an English plough; but, like some others within sight, it was drawn by oxen. The ruminant animal is much used in this portion of Sweden for purposes of draught. I had never before had an opportunity of observing the character of the ordinary arrangement for ox-draught, and I felt surprised at its barbarism. The yoke, laid across the necks of the animals—that article so noted in ancient writings, and which has ever been the ready metaphor for bondage and oppression—is designed merely to sustain a fillet on their brows, or rings slipped round their horns, by which the attachment to the animals of the thing drawn by them is effected. The draught thus proceeds from the head and neck, on which it must produce a painful strain, because the neck is never allowed to get into a line, but is always curved backwards. The proper seat of draught for such an animal would be the chest, by which the muscular force of the limbs would come into full play. It is strange to consider that cattle have thus had their strength misused, and been subjected to a needless torture, through Scriptural and classical times, and even down to the present day, in consequence of a piece of gross ignorance in their masters. Verily, friend Flaccus might well speak of—

—'Vomerem inversum boves  
Collo trahentes languido.'

I was now on the road to Upsala, the old university town of Sweden, where many objects interesting to the historical antiquary are to be seen. During the remainder of the day's journey thither, little that is worthy of remark occurred, but I continued to feel some interest in the rock-surfaces occasionally presented. The striae or scratches seen on these are so certain to be north and south, that they form an infallible indication of the points of the compass without the help of any instrument. Once or twice I suspected that a change of direction had taken place, and descended in order to test the matter by the instrument, when it immediately appeared that I had been deceived by a turn of the road. The wonder, however, is great how a sheet of ice could move over a flat open country with so steady a direction. Wherever a ridge starts up, it is usually sloped up from the north, with smooth sides on the east and west, but on the south usually ends abruptly, with a train of fragments scattered along for

a little way. Blocks of huge size are likewise seen on many of the smoothed surfaces in this district, less frequently on the intermediate plains of soft ground. One of these was not less than twenty feet high.

At five in the evening I came in sight of Upsala, which has from that direction a very striking appearance, its three principal structures, the schlot (palace), university library, and cathedral, being all placed conspicuously on a lofty bank, with the mass of the town nestling in the plain beneath. My worthy charioteer was now evidently getting into high spirits because, I believe, he found himself for the first time during two months in a country which he had seen before. Curious to learn from him what sort of town Upsala was, I asked, and received for answer, 'You see, much boy here, sir'—a definition of a university town which perhaps in some instances, in my own country, would not be much below the truth. We took up our quarters at the post-house, a plain and not very clean establishment, which is admitted to be the best place offered in Upsala for the accommodation of strangers. When I had overcome a few of the first difficulties, I found it far from uncomfortable. R. C.

#### MRS WRIGHT'S CONVERSATIONS WITH HER IRISH ACQUAINTANCE.

##### A FARMYARD.

*Mrs Wright.* I HOPE you are better, Brian?

*Brian.* I am, an' plase your ladyship; quite a'most recovered. That cup o' warm soup was a fine medicine.

*Mrs Wright.* This sort of weakness in a young strong-looking man is very unusual. It is strange for a man to faint without some serious cause for it.

*Brian.* It is, my lady. I can't say how the weakness tuk me all of a sudden, an' I jist going to give the horses a turn, an' come down the long field agin.

*Mrs Wright.* You have no pain anywhere, have you?

*Brian.* Not a pain, nor an ache, nor an ha'p'orth, 'cept jist about the heart: a kin' o' weakness.

*Mrs Wright.* Did you dine to-day?

*Brian.* Well, thin, I did not.

*Mrs Wright.* Did not Kitty bring your dinner?

*Brian.* She did not.

*Mrs Wright.* Did she bring your dinner yesterday, or the day before? You see you must be honest with me.

*Brian.* I didn't incline for to ate, my lady.

*Mrs Wright.* Or was it that little Brian at home wanted more food than your sisters were able to give him, eh? I thought you looking ill; and I have been making my inquiries, and I find that you have latterly been in the habit of going without your dinner that there might be enough to spare for your little nephew.

*Brian.* He's named for me, my lady, an' I stud for 'im; an' ye see Pat made a bad match of it—ran off wid a girl that had nothin', and little since; and what small matter they had, they made a bad hand of; an' there's hapes o' childer, an' I thought that by takin' the one that was named for me, the rest would be some-thin' lighter on them.

*Mrs Wright.* But you could not do this and do justice to yourself, Brian.

*Brian.* I could not, my lady; and that's God's truth.

*Mrs Wright.* You meant very kindly by your imprudent brother; but I cannot say that you did right.

*Brian.* My lady?

*Mrs Wright.* I must explain to you that you did not do right. You have an old infirm father, two young sisters, and a lame brother to help to support by your labour. By bringing this other mouth among them, you deprive them of just so much as you give him.

*Brian.* They're willin' to lose it, yer ladyship; they never says a word: they're quite contint to share wid one another.

*Mrs Wright.* But they have not enough, Brian; for

you have been obliged to go without one meal a day yourself in order to leave the more for them.

*Brian.* Ye see we was in hopes the times would come round a bit; and Tommy does be makin' thim cherry-nets yer ladyship had him tached; an' by the blessin' o' God, we expect to sell them shortly to the ginty in the summer season; an' the girls does be knittin' and sewin'; an', plase God, the hay will be comin' on, and the weedin' in the master's turnip-field—long life to him!—an' I'll ate my dinner from this out as a satisfaction to yez.

*Mrs Wright.* Well, Brian, I am sure I hope all these bright days may come; but in the meantime—

*Brian.* God is good, my lady.

*Mrs Wright.* I see you can't understand that you have hurt your father and sisters by adding your godson to your family. Now, how do you think you have acted by your master?

*Brian.* By the master! Sure I never hurted the master aither by aitin' or by lettin' it alone; nor wouldn't; for he's a good un, and deservas I shouldn't.

*Mrs Wright.* And yet you have not served him honestly. [*Brian stares.*] He pays you wages, does he not?

*Brian.* He does, and good uns. Every Monday mornin', as the bell rings after breakfast, he has it ready counted out upon the table in the little office. Sorra one ever waited for the master's shillin'.

*Mrs Wright.* What does he pay you wages for?

*Brian.* For doin' his work. Certainly, my lady, I don't deny it: for doin' his work.

*Mrs Wright.* And do you do it, or can you do it, when you don't nourish yourself sufficiently to stand a day's ploughing? Have you for some weeks back been able really to do a fair day's work? Come, be honest now, Brian, and answer me honestly—have you felt you were in good faith earning your shilling?

*Brian.* Ye see I never gits my six shillings. One does be kep' back on account o' that clothin' fund.

*Mrs Wright.* You knew that when you were hired; and you knew why we were obliged to make that rule. Because otherwise you would all have continued in rags and tatters like the beggar, a disgrace to any gentleman's service. But if you had seven shillings a week, or eight, or ten, it would be all the same; you would never save a penny, or appear to be in anyway the better for it. It would all go in 'dribs and drabs,' as you say yourselves, to your idle relations. And this leads me to say that you do not really benefit your brother by the odd shilling you so often give to him, or by having relieved him of a child.

*Brian.* Sure! by takin' little Briny from out o' them it leaves the more among the rest?

*Mrs Wright.* Are you quite sure of this? Does little Briny's father work the harder because you thus assist him?

*Brian.* Work's uncommon slack at this present time.

*Mrs Wright.* Still some work must be done, and some workmen must be hired to do it. Is Pat always sure of a job, or is he always ready for a job when jobs are going? Does he never take it easy because Brian will give or lend the shilling? Do the farmers ever pass him by, and look for more active men? Believe me, Brian, you do him positive harm by your ready shilling: one he earned himself would be far more blessed to him. So with the child. He and his idle wife should not be relieved of a burthen they have brought upon themselves; they must lay their account to suffer from the consequences of their extreme imprudence. It is folly such as theirs, and charity such as yours, which fills our country with beggary. No one can lay by for sickness or old age. Every penny, however hardly earned, is drawn from the industrious by the needy, and thus all are kept crushed down to the miserable condition we see around us. I know you think me harsh—

*Brian.* Severe, my lady.

*Mrs Wright.* Well, severe; but I really am only just. You know right well that those who thus beg are too

indolent to work; that while they can get a penny for asking for it, not one of them will try to earn it. You know well that if one of a family gets employment, the rest are apt to take it very easy at home. The mother's tea, the father's tobacco, the odd stone of meal, or the few shillings' short of the rent, how often have you seen it begged from such as you by such as Pat and Mary?

*Brian.* An' will I part the child?

*Mrs Wright.* Why, not at present.

*Brian.* God bless you, my lady.

*Mrs Wright.* You have taken him till times mend, and I believe it would hardly be fair to send him home at this dead season; but when the harvest work begins, give the boy back to his parents. If they cannot manage to support their children, the poorhouse is open to them. [*Brian winces.*] It is for such as them that this refuge is provided. Were you all prudent, none of you would ever have to look to such an unhappy end. To save you from it, I have read you this long lecture, for your good heart makes you well deserving of our care. Think it all over, Brian, and I believe you will agree with me.

*Brian.* I will, my lady. I know yer spakin' for my good; but ye see it's not jist always aisy to be insensed into the rights of it.

#### LIFE OF AN INSECT.\*

THE author of this little work has contributed so frequently to the pages of our Journal, more especially in the department of natural history, that we have no occasion to characterise his new production. The reader will trace in it the same patient investigation, the same curiously-graphic detail, and the same reverent and pious mind, with which he has become familiar in these columns. In the following specimens, the only principle of selection on which we have proceeded is to take care that the information conveyed is new, at least in so far as the Journal is concerned.

The attachment of certain insects to their eggs is a novel subject, for in general these creatures display little of the solicitude of the hen. Some observations made by M. Bonnet the naturalist are very curious:—"The insect upon which his observations were made was the spider, so commonly found on turning up a log of wood in the fields, or a clod of earth. She carries her eggs about with her in a little round white pouch of silk attached to her body. Well has it been said, "Never miser clung to his treasure with more tenacious solicitude than this spider to her bag. Though apparently a considerable encumbrance, she carries it with her everywhere." M. Bonnet found that he could not bent away the affectionate creature from her treasure, and on forcibly removing it from her, she instantly lost her ferocious aspect, and became tame. In this emergency she stops to look around her, and begins to walk at a slow pace, and searches diligently on every side for her lost eggs, nor will she fly if threatened by the bystander. If, however, out of compassion, the bag is restored to her, she darts forward, catches it up with all the intensity of a mother's love, and runs away with it as fast as possible to some secret place where she may again have the opportunity of attaching it to her body. In order to put this insect's affection for her eggs to a test, M. Bonnet threw a spider with her bag into the den of a ferocious insect called an ant-lion, who lurks at the bottom, like the Giant in the "Pilgrim's Progress," waiting for poor insect-travellers to drop into the pit which it forms, and then, rushing out, devours them. The spider endeavoured to escape, and was eagerly remounting the side of the pit, when I again tumbled her to the bottom, and the ant-lion, more nimble than the first time, seized the bag of eggs with his jaws, and attempted to drag it under the

\* The Life of an Insect; being a History of the Changes of Insects from the Egg to the Perfect Being. Published under the Direction of the Committee of General Literature and Education, Appointed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1850.

† Familiar Entomology, &c. &c.

sand. The spider, on the other hand, made the most strenuous efforts to keep her hold, and struggled hard to defeat the aim of the concealed depredator; but the gum which fastened her bag not being calculated to withstand such violence, at length gave way, and the ant-lion was about to carry off the prize in triumph. The spider, however, instantly regained it with her jaws, and redoubled her efforts to snatch the bag from the enemy; but her efforts were vain, for the ant-lion being the stronger, succeeded in dragging it under the sand. The unfortunate mother, now robbed of her eggs, might at least have saved her own life, as she could easily have escaped out of the pitfall; but, wonderful to tell, she chose rather to be buried alive along with her eggs. As the sand concealed from my view what was passing below, I laid hold of the spider, leaving the bag in the power of the ant-lion. But the affectionate mother, deprived of her bag, would not quit the spot where she had lost it, though I repeatedly pushed her with a twig. Life itself seemed to have become a burthen to her since all her hopes and pleasures were gone for ever.

Another combat is mentioned between the larva called the Lion of the Aphides and his victim:—'This larva is a rare specimen of courage, as well as of destructive powers; for when it is quite young it often seizes upon an insect twice as big as itself. It is very amusing to see the unequal contest between the little but courageous foe, and his great, bulky, and stupid adversary. Immediately the larva thrusts its trident into the body of the enemy, who, stupid as he is, does not like the sensation of the wound in his side, and makes off as fast as he can.' The lion-hearted larva follows him up and wrestles with him, and at length actually boards him, to use a sailor's term, clambering up his sides, and in triumph piercing him through, and slaying him. What is perhaps most singular of all, the larva of some species of these flies not only slay their victims, but actually clothe themselves, after the manner of Hercules on his victory over the Nemean lion, with the skins of their prey!

The eyes of insects afford the subject of a curious notice. 'Insects are also furnished with a contrivance by which they can see objects at a little distance, and objects at a great distance—it may be at the same time; which is more than can be strictly said of ourselves. In men and animals there is a very exquisite apparatus arranged within the eye, by means of which it can accommodate itself to objects close at hand, or again to others at the greatest distance. We can see at one moment a pin at our feet, and at the next the summit of a hill some thirty or forty miles off. Now the laws of light are such that, to effect this properly, we must have some apparatus in the eye to arrange its focal capacity, so as to receive and concentrate the lines of light proceeding from such different points as the distance of a few inches and that of many miles. What this apparatus may be is not as yet very satisfactorily determined. But in insects the same result is obtained by a very curious provision. Some of their eyes are short-sighted, and some long-sighted. The simple eyes are supposed, by Professor Müller, to be the short-sighted eyes, and the compound eyes the long-sighted ones.

'The number of compound eyes in insects does not often exceed two, these being made up, it will not be forgotten, by multitudes of single eyes. But in a few, whose habits require that they should be endowed with extraordinary means of vision, there are as many as four. If the reader would betake him to the brook-side, and creep noiselessly along its margin some summer afternoon, until he comes to a quiet glassy pool where the water seems to have forgotten itself, and fallen asleep—so still, so silent, and so smooth does it lie, reflecting all the lustre of the deep-blue sky overhead—he will surprise a dancing-party of insects busily waltzing at a wonderful rate, now skimming hither, now shooting across the glassy pavement on which they sport, now joining together and wheeling round and round; and again, as the kingfisher comes fluttering down the river, as though on some errand of immense importance, breaking up their party, and flying into a thousand holes and corners to wait until all is

quiet. Let him exercise his activity and patience, and catch one of these giddy insects, which are known to entomologists by the name of the *Gyrinus Nator*, and he will have a good example of an insect provided with four compound eyes, so that it can see not only before and behind, but upward into the sky, and downward into the clear cool waters on whose surface its happy life is spent. Some insects, like Cyclops of old, are furnished only with one eye; and some, it is said, are quite blind—creatures that never feel the blessed influences of the pleasant sunlight. Like the simple eyes, the compound eyes are sometimes fixed on the end of a little footstalk, so as to give the insect somewhat the appearance of being furnished with a pair of opera-glasses or short telescopes.' Réaumur, in order to discover by which of its eyes the bee finds its way home, covered the compound eyes of some of these insects with an opaque varnish, and then liberated them very near their hive. But they could not find their way, and when he threw them up into the air, they continued to soar till they passed out of sight. The same is the case with the crow when his eyes are covered with a paper bonnet. He flies upwards till his strength is exhausted, and then drops upon the earth.

The fact that insects breathe is proved by an experiment made by our author himself:—'A spider and a fly were put into a glass jar, the mouth of which was closed all but a hole, by which a tube was admitted. The tube was then connected with a pipe by which a supply of common coal-gas was poured into the jar, and when it was considered to be full of gas, and that all the air had been displaced, the tube was closed, and the insects were left shut up in an atmosphere of gas. In a few seconds both became very uneasy, the fly more particularly so; and in a few seconds more the fly began to agitate itself, to buzz against the sides of the glass, and to tumble over in the most extraordinary manner: the spider ran hurriedly about, as if astonished, and not knowing what to make of his new position; but presently he became very quiet, and, turning on his back, looked as if dead. For a minute or two the fly, which was a large active flesh-fly, continued its noisy evolutions, dashing itself, as if intoxicated, on every side of its transparent prison. At length, as if exhausted, it lay on its back, its limbs paralysed, but the wings still moving with extreme rapidity, and causing it to spin round in the most singular manner. Ultimately it, too, became perfectly without motion. After the lapse of about ten minutes, fresh air was gradually let into the jar, and it became most amusing to watch the return of both these insects—which had previously been, as it were, in the very jaws of death—back to life again. Twitchings of their limbs, and slight convulsive movements, were the first indications of returning activity; and in a few minutes more both insects, now placed in a perfectly pure atmosphere, were as lively as before the experiment, and were allowed to make their escape into the open air. With other insects the same effects were produced by saturating a piece of blotting-paper with ether, and dropping it into the jar, which was immediately covered over. In several other experiments the newly-discovered powerful fluid *chloroform*, by means of which the operations of surgery are performed without pain, was employed; and it was remarkable to notice how quickly the insects were overpowered with the vapour of this potent liquid. In no instance was death produced by the gases or vapours employed.'

Rearing insects in hothouses, and hatching them by artificial means, may seem a useless waste of ingenuity; but some species of larvae, as serviceable as the silkworm, may be discovered, and which produce only one generation in the year. Réaumur reared a number of pupæ into butterflies in the depth of winter, by transferring them to the Royal Conservatories, which were always carefully heated; and he then conceived the idea of hatching pupæ under a hen! 'He procured some hollow glass balls, which he had caused to be made as nearly as possible similar in size and shape to the eggs themselves. Into these, by an opening at one end, he introduced seven or eight pupæ, and stopped the mouth up with a cork, but so as to allow a free communication with the external

air by paring off a piece from the side of the cork. Thus prepared, he put the glass egg, together with the others, in the nest. The hen was a little more sensible than Réaumur had given her credit for; and though she did not thrust the egg out of her nest, she removed it to the outside, where she was so obliging as to permit it to remain; and as it was here just as warm as if it had been in the centre of the eggs, Réaumur did not attempt to interfere with her arrangements. A great deal of moisture arose from the bodies of the pupæ, and condensed like dew on the sides of the glass; but after a day or two this disappeared. The reader may now be anxious to learn the result of this experiment. It was equally successful—indeed it was more so than the preceding—for in the afternoon of the *tenth* day a pretty little butterfly was seen within his glass egg, being the first that had appeared of the eight pupæ, and the first ever hatched under the bosom of a hen!

#### GAME OF TWENTY QUESTIONS.

THE Christmas volume of the Juvenile Library contained a description of most of the fireside amusements of young people in this country during the long winter evenings.\* One game, however, has been omitted, perhaps on account of its more than common difficulty; but it is too remarkable to be wholly passed over, and we shall therefore say a few words to our readers (who are not altogether indifferent, we trust, to such matters) about the Game of Twenty Questions.

It is well known that the present generation of grown children is wiser than any former generation ever was, or any future generation ever will be; and that no doubt is the reason why we so rarely have recourse to such frivolous modes of amusing ourselves. But after all, let us not look down with unmitigated contempt upon our predecessors. The Cannings, Huskissons, and others, were really respectable individuals in their way; and if they did play sometimes like our own little boys and girls, we should ascribe the fact to the general simplicity of the world a quarter of a century ago. When Mr Rush, the American ambassador, dined with Mr Planta in 1823, besides the two gentlemen mentioned, there were a goodly number present of the *celebrities* of that remote epoch, including various members of the government and of the corps diplomatique. In our day, with such a company, we should have stuck to our wine and politics: but hear Mr Rush:—"It would not have been easy to assemble a company better fitted to make a dinner-party agreeable, or to have brought them together at a better moment. Parliament having just risen, Mr Canning, and his two colleagues of the cabinet, Mr Huskisson and Mr Robinson, seemed like birds let out of a cage. There was much small-talk, some of it very sprightly. Ten o'clock arriving, with little disposition to rise from table, Mr Canning proposed that we should play "Twenty Questions." This was new to me and the other members of the diplomatic corps present, though we had all been a good while in England. The game consisted in endeavours to find out your thoughts by asking twenty questions. The questions were to be put plainly, though in the alternative if desired; the answers to be also plain and direct. The object of your thoughts not to be an abstract idea, or anything so occult, or scientific, or technical, as not to be supposed to enter into the knowledge of the company, but something well known to the present day or to general history. It might be any name of renown, ancient or modern, man or woman; or any work or memorial of art well known; but not a mere event—as a battle, for instance. These were mentioned as among the general rules of the game, serving to denote its character. It was agreed that Mr Canning, assisted by the chancellor of the exchequer, who sat next to him, should put the questions; and that I, assisted by Lord Granville, who sat

next to me, should give the answers. Lord Granville and myself were consequently to have the thought or secret in common. And it was well understood that the discovery of it, if made, was to be the fair result of mental inference from the questions and answers, not of signs passing, or hocus-pocus of any description. With these as the preliminaries, and the parties sitting face to face, on opposite sides of the table, we began the battle."

We shall not give the details of the game, because these were published in 1840; but this is the conclusion:—"The whole number of questions being now exhausted, there was a dead pause. The interest had gone on increasing as the game advanced, until, coming to the last question, it grew to be like neck-and-neck at the close of a race. Mr Canning was evidently under concern lest he should be foiled, as, by the law of the game, he would have been if he had not now solved the enigma. He sat silent for a minute or two; then rolling his rich eye about, and with a countenance a little anxious, and in an accent by no means over-confident, he exclaimed, "I think it must be the wand of the Lord-High-Steward!" And it was—EVEN SO." Many of the company present said that this was the only instance they had witnessed of the secret having been preserved till the twentieth question—most games being finished in half the time. "Dining at the Marquis of Stafford's," Mr Rush concludes, "at a subsequent day, this pastime was spoken of, and it was mentioned that Mr Pitt and Mr Wyndham were both fond of it. Lord Stafford said that the former had once succeeded in it, when the secret was the *stone* upon which Walworth, lord mayor of London, stood when he struck down Wat Tyler in Richard II's time; and his impression was, that Mr Pitt had triumphed at an early stage of his questions."

A correspondent from Limerick gives us more in detail the present rules of the game, which, according to this authority, are shortly these:—

Two persons (usually a lady and gentleman) are chosen by the company, who fix in private upon an article or subject. Two others are then chosen to endeavour to find out what the thought is; and this is done by asking twenty questions as to its nature and qualities. A fifth person is usually selected as umpire, who is made acquainted with the subject fixed on, and whose duty it is to see that all the answers shall be fair. These answers are not to be such as will be calculated to *mislead*; although of course it will be observed that the wider they are from the mark, the more difficult will the guessing be rendered.

The following game was played at our correspondent's house on a recent occasion (during the Queen's visit to Ireland), and it will afford a fair illustration of the nature and manner of the game:—

**Question.** Does it belong to the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdom?

**Answer.** To all three.

**Q.** Is it a manufactured article?

**A.** Always.

**Q.** Is it in the room?

**A.** No.

**Q.** Is it in this city?

**A.** No.

**Q.** Is it useful, or merely ornamental?

**A.** Useful.

[Here the idea struck the questioners that it was a vehicle of some sort: they therefore asked]

**Q.** Is it ever used as a conveyance?

**A.** It is.

[We then thought it might be a ship, or perhaps a balloon: so we inquired]

**Q.** Is it used as a conveyance by air, earth, or water?

**A.** On the earth.

[The locomotive now suggested itself, and we asked]

**Q.** What was the motive power?

**A.** Various.

[This did not lead us very far towards a guess; but we determined to come closer: so we queried]

\* 'Fireside Amusements,' being the last published volume of Chambers's Library for Young People.

Q. Is fire ever used in connection with its motions?

A. On some occasions it is.

[We now became certain that it was connected with a railway, and the question which followed was]

Q. Has it a chimney?

A. No.

Q. Have any of us seen it?

A. Do not know whether you have or not.

[We then began to suspect that it was in some way connected with the prevailing topic—the Queen's visit; and so we asked]

Q. Is it in Ireland?

A. It is.

[We then thought it might be well to ask]

Q. Is it used for a special purpose?

A. Yes.

[We immediately concluded that it was the state railway carriage; but to make certain, we inquired]

Q. Has it any glass in it?

A. Yes.

And at the fifteenth question—namely, 'Has it soft seats?' to which the answer was, 'It has'—we guessed that it was the 'Royal State-Carriage of the Great Southern and Western Railway,' which had been brought to Ireland on purpose for the accommodation of the Queen.

In concluding this memorandum, we may return for an instant to Mr Planta's dinner, to remark that the game occupied upwards of an hour, during which not one drop of wine was drunk!

#### WHAT I SAW ONE MORNING IN INDIA.

In the year 1836 I commanded a little detachment of native infantry at Condapilly in the Northern Circars; the object of this military occupation of a lonely and decayed town being the protection of the adjacent country from bands of petty marauders, who, in the absence of richer booty, made spoil of the cattle and crops of the ryots, or agricultural population. There are no dense forests or thick woods in the immediate vicinity of Condapilly; but beyond the hill-fort, which, at the distance of perhaps half a mile, commands the town, and the ascent to which is steep and difficult, extends for several miles a stretch of jungle, where the looties, or thieves—for they deserve not the high-sounding title of banditti—found frequent shelter, in common with a few cheetas and a great many snakes. Here, too, game was abundant, providing them with the flesh of the spotted deer, the hare, the shy porcupine, and the peafowl, which is said to haunt such places as are tenanted by tigers, from which it may be safely inferred that water is not wanting, since neither panther nor tiger make their lair far from that necessary element. Here also grew profusely the trees of the *Cratæva marmelus*, whose apples—covered with a hard rind, through which, when ripe, oozes a slimy liquid—are used for food; the *Diospyros ebenum*, whose medlar-like fruit, after having been buried for months in the earth, forms a mellow and wholesome sustenance; and the *Ximenia Americana*, whose acid drupes cover a nutty kernel, very grateful to the wanderer of the woods who cannot gather for his dessert the rich-flavoured mango, or pink and succulent guava.

From having once been a town of considerable importance, Condapilly has dwindled to a very inferior rank amongst the cities of the Circars; and the hill-fort, at one period of considerable strength, now presents nothing but a meagre skeleton of its past celebrity. Towering high above the little esplanade on which the humble range of barracks which sheltered the detachment was raised, the mountain was accessible at only one point, where a winding track—the remains of a flight of stone-steps now in complete dilapidation—formed a steep ladder, up which I have often toiled wearily at early dawn, eager to watch the rising sun from the topmost pinnacle—a sight that amply repaid me for the extra fatigue of half an hour's climbing.

There, crumbling piecemeal beneath the foot of Time, mouldered an ancient building of Moorish architecture, still suggesting by its extensive ruins and palatial structure recollections of the Mohammedan prowess which, so far back as 1471, had wrested the province of Condapilly from the hands of the Hindoos.

A long but sleepless night in sultry March had fevered my blood, as one morning, ere yet a single individual was stirring about our quarters, I strolled towards the mountain-gorge, and had stumbled almost to the top of the steep acclivity before the faint flush of dawn had roused the sentinel, whose call awoke the solitary pair of musicians of our party, a drummer and fifer, to sound the réveillee. In ten minutes more I stood panting on the summit of the rock, gazing thirstily on the scene beneath me, where Asiatic beauty winded slowly before me, like a glorious river, whose changeable waters the eye tired not of drinking. I had no fear of thief or thug, for a late excursion in the district behind me had assured me of safety; but nevertheless I started violently when, from the branches of a stately peepul-tree that grew close by, a dark figure, that seemed of human proportions, leaped with a jibbering cry upon the ground.

I had no great reason to be alarmed, for I saw not a man, but a monkey—one of those long-legged, brown monkeys with white-streaked faces that abound amongst these heights, and which, probably little less startled than myself, receded as I advanced, jabbering its dissatisfaction at my intrusion. At the foot of the peepul-tree, throwing up its rich white petals, that shed around a sweet but sickening odour, grew a magnificent plant of the datura; and as I stooped to pluck it, a rustle in the underwood beyond, followed by an acute, sharp scream, which I ascribed to my friend the monkey, arrested my hand. I had judged correctly; but I had underrated the number of my early companions. With a spring that brought it almost to my feet, making me in my turn retreat, the monkey lay moaning, and, as I thought, violently convulsed among the grass; nor did I at the moment perceive, what indeed I discovered with a degree of horror, that round its body was twisted a gorgeously-spotted snake—the cobra di capello! I wish I could describe the maddened contortions of the monkey, as, writhing beneath the straining coils of the reptile, it rolled on the grass in vain efforts to rid itself of its deadly assailant. The piteous gaze of its eyes, as they wistfully looked up into my face, was eloquent with a summons for help which I was by no means inclined to resist. Whether the snake had bitten it or not, I could not guess, for it seemed to me as if it were merely playing with the animal—that fatal game which the cat plays with the mouse! But I shouted, and threw a stone, and then seizing a withered branch that lay on the ground, I advanced to the charge. The monkey, which at another time would have fled at my approach, now remained perfectly motionless, as if it awaited certain succour. But the serpent, aroused to the cognisance of an assailant by a smart blow on the head, instantly inflating its horrid crest into that hood-like form which renders it so appallingly hideous, gave vent to a loud hiss that seemed brimful of poison.

Again and again I struck at it: nor was it without a cold thrill through my veins that I beheld it disengage itself from the monkey; but far from attempting to make its escape, as I had conjectured it would do, it turned itself, half-erect, towards me, and with a fluttering hobble—like the hop of a bird whose wings have been broken—it leaped, with forked tongue protruded, right into my very path! There was no time for thought. My stick was neither strong nor long. I could see the venomous eyes burn like fire, and the colours of its swelling neck glow more deeply, as it prepared to spring again; and I was fairly on the point of making my retreat by plunging at all hazards down the rock behind me, when a shrill, chirruping cry, somewhat like that of a guinea-pig, was heard, and suddenly an elegant little creature, which at the moment I was well-

nigh ready to spiritualise into a good genius, sprung upon the serpent with a bound of lightsome ferocity which reminded me of the swoop of a kite upon a water-rat.

It was a mungoo! And now, indeed, a combat took place which fixed me to the spot in mute admiration; but not for long. Once or twice it seemed to me that the mungoo was bitten, but it might not have been so; for the velocity of their movements, as, clinging together, the snake and its foe rolled over and over amongst the long grass, prevented minute observation. It is asserted that, when bitten by a snake, the ichneumon retires for a moment to eat of some unknown plant, capable of rendering null the viperine venom; but on this occasion nothing of the sort occurred. The mungoo left not the conflict for a breathing-space; and at the end of about ten minutes the cobra di capello lay dead, torn and mangled piecemeal by the little animal, which frisked and danced about, with a purring sound, in a perfect frenzy of enjoyment.

As I held out my hand, actually believing, in the enthusiasm of the moment, that it would approach to receive my caresses, the mungoo, giving a bright, quick look at me, stamped its tiny hind-feet briskly on the relics of the serpent, as if in scorn of its victim, and disappeared amongst the brushwood.

I had forgotten the poor monkey. I found it stretched out, stiff and stark, among the datura flowers. The mungoo had come too late!

#### THE EVERGREEN LYRIC.

M. Gérin, during a number of years cashier to the ministry of the interior, used to recount the following anecdote:—In 1811, said he, 'I received an order to pay five thousand francs to a poet who had composed an ode on the occasion of the King of Rome's birth. This production, a perfect specimen of ill-rhymed commonplace, and in which "glory" and "victory" were happily intertwined with "laurels" and "warriors," had as a chorus the following quatrain:—

"Si l'étranger, comme un seul homme,  
Un jour voulait nous asservir,  
Autour du noble Roi de Rome  
Jurons de vaincre ou de mourir."

In 1821, at the birth of the Duke of Bordeaux, the same lyric appeared on my desk, with the following slight modification of the chorus:—

"Si, méditant notre ruine,  
L'étranger veut nous asservir,  
Autour du fils de Caroline  
Jurons de vaincre ou de mourir."

The Restoration proved less generous than the Empire—it granted the author only three thousand francs. I had quite forgotten the poet and his rhymes, when, after the birth of the Count of Paris, this evergreen ode was once more handed in, with a fresh adaptation to circumstances:—

"Ah! si l'étranger dans sa haine,  
Un jour voulait nous asservir,  
Autour du noble fils d'Helène  
Jurons de vaincre ou de mourir."

This time the author received two thousand francs. Decidedly the verses were beginning to wear out. At length—would you believe it?—a few days after the Revolution of February, I found in my office the eternal lyric, on this occasion terminating thus:—

"Si l'étranger dans sa furie,  
Un jour voulait nous asservir,  
Sur le sol de notre patrie  
Jurons de vaincre ou de mourir."

The Provisional Government was far from rich; they awarded but two hundred francs to the industrious poet. Thus behold a copy of maudlin verses, adroitly managed, bringing to the author ten thousand two hundred francs; and yet people will tell you that in our age poetry does not find its reward!

#### MARRIAGE SLIPPER.

At a Jewish marriage I was standing beside the bridegroom when the bride entered. As she crossed the threshold, he stooped down and slipped off his shoe, and struck her with the heel on the nape of the neck. I at

once saw the interpretation of the passage in Scripture, respecting the transfer of the shoe to another, in case the brother-in-law did not exercise his privilege. The slipper in the East being taken off in-doors, is at hand to administer correction, and is here used in sign of the obedience of the wife, and of the supremacy of the husband. The Highland custom is to strike, for 'good-luck,' as they say, the bride with an old slipper. Little do they suspect the meaning implied.—*Urquhart's Pillars of Hercules.*

#### THE STOLEN DANCE.

'LISTEN!—hush!' said a whispering voice,  
'Up and away! come, let's rejoice,  
For no more sleep our eyes shall know  
Till we've danced upon the new-fallen snow.

'Mamma is in bed, and our bare little feet  
Will make a silent and swift retreat  
Down the back stairs, through the parlour door,  
And the garden gate we can clamber o'er.

'The snow like a swan's-down carpet will be  
For our stolen moonlit dance of glee:  
Beautiful snow! so fast to fall  
And spread such a carpet for such a ball!

'Our sparkling crystal lamps are these—  
Iceicles hanging from the trees;  
And look! on the roof of our fairy palace  
The sword-dance of the borealis!

'Oh are we not happy, joyous, and gay,  
From our lazy beds to have slipped away,  
And thus in a dance of wild delight  
Make warm the cold, white winter night?'

Like fairies, in fairy-rings they go  
With their soft, white feet o'er the softer snow:  
If spot on earth be free from care,  
Those gleesome children have found it there.

Hark! can you tell whence came that sound  
That stopped the dance's merry round?  
The wail of a child's low moaning cry  
Borne on the night-breeze passing by.

How fearfully the children go  
To where the garden hedge grows low,  
Closely clinging, hand in hand,  
A truant little angel band!

When all at once they forward bound  
Eagerly o'er the trackless ground—  
And, on the moorland bare and wild,  
Behold a poor deserted child!

Oh truant! it was no idle thought  
To that wandering child your footsteps brought;  
You were called from sleep by angels bright,  
Ye little watchers of the night!

A father's frown they need not fear,  
Nor doubt he will their foundling rear;  
Be home to their soft warm beds they go,  
And dream of the dance on the new-fallen snow.

MARY CLEAVER.

#### GREENHOUSE HEATED BY KITCHEN.

I have one of two small rooms over my kitchen fitted up as a greenhouse. It has a western aspect; size, about 12 feet by 10 feet. The warmth of the kitchen underneath is sufficient to keep out slight frost. In case of severe frost, I have steam from the kitchen boiler, conducted by an inch-pipe into two tins, each about 18 inches long, 10 inches wide, and 1 foot deep. Without any trouble or mess, by simply turning a stopcock, I can get any heat I require. The waste steam, and the condensed steam, each escape by small tubes through the wall.—*Cottage Gardener.*

#### WORDSWORTH THE POET.

Wordsworth is said to have no sense of smell. Once, and once only in his life, the dormant power awakened. It was by a bed of stocks in full bloom, at a house which he inhabited in Dorsetshire, some five-and-twenty years ago; and he says it was like a vision of paradise to him; but it lasted only a few minutes, and the faculty has continued torpid from that time.

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